

Flower Angel

by Letsea

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Flower Angel

Prompt: when you write something on your skin with pen/marker/whatever the hell you want, it will show on your soul mate's skin as well.

I am back with another Zaerith fic. This couple gives me so many feels I had to write more about them. This was a quick fic, so it probably has thousands mistakes. So, please, if you found any ungrammaticality please let me know. Every comment is welcome.

Disclaimer: The characters of Zack Fair, Kunsel, Angeal or Aerith Gainsborough do not belong to me, but to the great team that is Square Enix. This fic has been written in order to entertain its fans.

* * *

><p>Â;Shit!<p>

He was late to the training. Like, very late. Again. At this rate, Angeal would get angry at him and no way he could ever ascend to 1st Class. Ever. Man, what made him think he could stay awake until 3am without any consequences in the morning? And he hadn't even had anything for breakfast. It was going to be a really, really, really long day.

He was running through ShinRa's building to the training center, yawning several times and cursing late night programs on TV, cursing his alarm that went off too easily and, especially, cursing himself.

When he turned left on a corner he crashed onto a wall. What the heck? That was not supposed to be there. He looked up to see that, in fact, it was a six feet wall. A wall called Angeal. His tutor looked a little bit too much pissed off; all serious face and crossed arms. That was bad news. Oh, oh.

"H-hey, Angeal". He forced a smile, pretending he didn't do anything improper of a 1st-Class-wannabe. "What's up, man?"

"Nice try. Zack. Do I need to remind you your training started half an hour ago?"

Zack did not try to make an excuse, for he knew no excuse would make Angeal to be less angry. He did not even try to say sorry. He just pressed his hands together and curved his lips in an apologetic way.

"Okay, puppy. You're going to do some push up first. Fifty of them."

"What!?" He exclaimed. "Come on, Angeal. That's too much."

"And then you're gonna run around the ShinRa's building. Ten times."

"I'm sorry. I really am. I will never ever be late again. I promise."

"Starting from now," he continued talking, pretending Zack never spoke. "If you ever stop, I'll make sure you'll never be in 1st Class."

"What!? You're kidding me, right? Come on, Angeal!"

"I don't see you training."

Dead. That's how Zack felt at the end of the evening, as if he would collapse anytime soon without anyone there to help him.

"Come on, Zack, don't be a whiner," said Kunsel. "Besides, I'm right here."

"Do you know how big is the ShinRa's building? Like, very big," he said emphasizing "very" with a motion of his hands. "Angeal's gonna kill me before I can even make it to 1st."

"Who's going to kill you?" A deep but soft voice came out out of nowhere. Angeal was in front of them in a blink of an eye.

"Angeal! H-hey! what's up, man?"

"Good evening, Angeal," said Kunsel in a polite tone.

"Kunsel," replied the man in the same tone. "Zack, remember tomorrow you have an important mission."

"Yeah, yeah. I know. At 8 in the morning in Lazard's office." He saw Angeal crossing his arms again while staring at him.

"What?"

"Actually, it's at 7. You should better write it down somewhere so you don't forget." He looked at his phone. "Well, I've gotta go. See you tomorrow. And don't be late, Zack," he said just before leaving.

"I won't forget!" Zack shouted, but Angeal was long gone.

"We both know you will."

"No, I won't." By that moment, they had reached ShinRa's receptionist counter, so he borrowed a pen from the receptionist and write down on his arm '7am. Lazard's office'. "See? I won't forget now." He turned to the woman behind the counter. "Thank you. What about I thank you properly with one date?" He winked. She just blushed and giggled as an answer.

"You could have written it on your phone," Kunsel said.

"Shh, this is my first contact with my soulmate."

"I didn't know you were the romantic type that believe such things."

"I'm sooo many things, Kunsel. So many things."

They continue their path towards the exit of ShinRa's building. But Zack's mind was somewhere else. It was the first time the soulmate thing came into his mind. Being a member of SOLDIER was a 24/7 job so he did not have time to even think about it. And this was also the first time he even tried to communicate â€"not that it could be called communication, since it was only a reminder to himselfâ€" with her. Nevertheless, it made him wonder, did his soulmate see his note? Would they talk from now on? Would they meet soon? Where did she (because he was sure his soul mate was a woman) live?

"Hey Kunsel, do you think I should try to say hello?"

"To whom?"

"My soulmate," Zack answered as it was obvious what he was talking about.

"Whatever you want, Zack."

"Have you ever tried talking to yours?"

"No," he said firmly.

"Why not? You don't want to meet her? Or him?"

"I do. But I want to meet that person by fate, not because it has been arranged."

"What did you say about the romantic type, eh?," he laughed but stopped as soon as Kunsel dedicated to him his deadly glare.

"Why don't you say hello?"

"I don't know. It seems prettyâ€¦ cold. What should I say 'Hey, I don't know you, but you're my soulmate. Let's hang out'? No

way."

And there was also the possibility that he didn't have a soulmate. It was known that sometimes a person has tried to communicate with their soulmate without any success. Some people believe that it was because that soulmate has not been born yet or has died even before you were able to meet with them. Your soulmate could live, or had lived in a lifetime different from yours.

"Anyway, see you tomorrow after your mission. Good luck."

"See ya," he said before departing.

Aerith was taking care of her flowers in the abandoned church in the Midgar Slums when she noticed something in her arm. It was a mark? No. It looked like some letters were written on it. "or maybe 7" What was written next? What an awful handwriting, she thought. She had not written it, and it definitely was not her mother's handwriting. Was her soulmate's?

Long ago, when Aerith was only a child, her mother used to tell her stories about soulmates. Whatever your soul mate wrote in their skin, it would appear in yours, and the other way around. Most people tried to meet their soulmates immediately, but she never tried to communicate with hers. It was useless. She was trapped in the Slums by her own will, and also because it was the best for her. And her soulmate never tried to communicate with her either. Maybe that person was not interested in soulmates. Whatever it was, it was not important. Besides, she would never meet her soulmate. Following that thread of thought was useless, so she continued taking care of her beloved flowers.

Several weeks later, Zack had no news about his soulmate. Perhaps she was dead or had not been born yet. Well, there was nothing to be done, then. Maybe it was better that way. He was a SOLDIER, did not have enough time to spend with his soulmate. Yes, it was better that way.

"Zack, are you listening?"

"Eh?" Angeal was in front of him. He had been talking for half an hour now, and Zack had stopped listening after five minutes. "Sorry, what?"

"I said that you better remember tomorrow's schedule. At 7:30 am you start your training in the Virtual Reality. Mission 47. It should take you about an hour and a half. After that, you have a ten minutes break. No more, no less. Understood? After that, it's your turn and Kunsel's to patrol the city"

Zack took note of the schedule on his left arm. It was almost a habit now to write down on his arm everything he needed to remember. A little part of him still hoped for his soulmate to say something. Anything.

"Do you have everything?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Then, see you tomorrow morning. Don't be late."

Aerith was pacing through the Slums, trying to give flowers to its inhabitants when a kid pulled his dress. She kneeled to be the same height as him.

"Yes?"

"Can I have a flower, lady? It's for my sister, she loves your flowers."

"Of course. But if she loves them that much, why don't you give her all of them? I'm sure she's going to be very happy", she smiled and gave him the five flowers she had in hand.

"Thank you sooo much, lady." The kid hugged her in pure joy, and then ran to give her sister his present.

Aerith watched the boy running back home with a tender smile. To see that cheerful smile on the Slums people was the reason she gave them those flowers. Also, they made the Slums a nicer and better-looking place for them. "Well, it seems that's all for today. Good job, Aerith", she thought out loud. It was time to go home now. Mother would be worried by now. She was not supposed to be out at such a late hours.

Once she arrived home, she noticed the note in her arm. She didn't really think that could be considered a note, it was all around her arm.

It had been that way for weeks now. More often than not someone's reminders appeared in her arm. Sometimes it was a whole day schedule, sometimes a reminder of some sort. Todayâ€| yes, that was a timetable.

She had also started to understand her soulmate's handwriting out of curiosity. Thus, she learnt that her soulmate knew someone called Angeal, and he didn't like it when the so-called Angeal was pissed off. 'DON'T FORGET THIS, ANGEAL'S GONNA KILL YOU IF YOU DO' had been written in her arm once. She chuckled at the memory. She also knew he loved his family and always tried to keep in touch with them. More than once she saw a "write letter to mom and dad" note.

She looked at the schedule in her arm for a while when something caught her attention '9:15 Patrol the city with Kunsel'. She had seen similar notes before. Was her soulmate a member of ShinRa? That knowledge gave her a goose bump. She didn't like ShinRa's army, nor SOLDIER. She didn't understand how they could be so cruel as to beat people up, regardless of them being guilty or innocent.

She looked at the schedule in her arm and find herself curious to know more about her soulmate. This curiosity was nothing new, she has been feeling it for a while now. Her soulmate may be working for ShinRa but there was something in himâ€| What was she thinking? She didn't even know him or her, she could only trust her intuition and the notes in her arm. But then again, it was her soulmate she was talking about. Without her realizing, she took a pen and started drawing.

"Kunsel!" Zack shouted. But he was alone on his bed. No one was there to listen to what he had to said. He ran to his phone and dialed his

best friend.

"Yes?"

"Kunsel!" Before his friend could complain about him shouting literally in his ear, Zack continued. "She answered me."

"Okay, little puppy. I don't know what the hell you are talking about."

"Her. My soulmate." There was a sound that reminded to a facepalm. "Kunsel? Are you still there?"

"Yes, yes. What did she said?"

"Actually, she drew. A flower," he said as excited as if he had been said he was going to be 1st Class.

"Soâ€¦ you've called me because your soul mate has drawn a flower."

"Yes! What do you think it means? Should I looking for her in a flower shop? What should I say now?"

"How do you know it's for you? Maybe she's just bored."

"I just know!" Kunsel answered with a guttural sound that could be interpreted as "whatever you say, man". "You aren't helping me, right now."

"I don't know. Say hello to her."

"Isn't it a little bit awkward."

"Then don't say anything. Look, I have to go. I'll call you later. See ya."

Stupid Kunsel, he thought as the call ended. He was of no help.

Zack let himself fall onto the bed and kept staring at the flower drawn in his right arm. So she was left-handed? Perfect. That would make the communication so much easier. He wipe his arm clean and start writing with the clearest handwriting he could make.

Hi, flower girl. Name's Zack

He waited for some minutes, but there was no answer. Thousands of scenarios came into his mind. Was she in trouble? Maybe she didn't have a pen near her. Or maybe she wasn't interested in him, but drew the flower out of boresome.

I'm Aerith. Nice to meet you

Such a beautiful handwriting.

Are you left-handed?

Okay, what kind of question was that?

Aerith looked at her left arm with a funny expression and she

couldn't help but giggled.

_No. I can actually use both of my hands. _She wrote on her left arm to prove her point.

That's so cool

Your handwriting is different than before

Wanna make sure you understand

Don't worry. I learnt to understand it. Why did you call me flower girl?

You drew a flower. Do you work in a flower shop?

Not really. I just take care of some flowers that grow here

They exchanged some notes before going to bed. Aerith found herself smiling on her bed. Zack seemed to be a kind-hearted man, and he was so funny. He couldn't wait until the next morning to talk to him. When she woke up, the first thing Aerith noticed in her arm was a number. She recognized it as a phone number. Was it Zack's? She took her phone and dialed the number.

"This is Zack. Sorry I can't pick up the phone right now. Leave a message or call me later!"

"Eh... Zack? This is me, Aerith."

Zack listened to the short message for the tenth time. His soulmate's voice was so soft and pure, as if it belonged to an angel. Yes, definitely Aerith was an angel. A wingless angel, but an angel nevertheless. He had 10 minutes before his mission with Angeal begun, so he decided to give it a try and call his soulmate.

"Yes?"

Again, that angelic voice. Before he thought twice about it, he spoke out loud.

"How about one date?" There was a pause. No, it wasn't a pause. If Zack payed close attention, he could almost hear how Aerith was trying to hold back a laughter. That made him grin.

"All right. Where?"

"Do you want to go to the theatre?" There was a pause, as if Aerith were hesitating about saying something. "Aerith?"

"I live in the Slums", she confessed. "And I can't really leave this place."

Until now, both of them knew they lived in Midgar, but she did not tell him she lived in the Slums, she knew the less people knew her whereabouts, the better. But it was Zack she was talking about. Her soulmate. She felt that it was the right thing to do. He would never harm her, regardless whether he was from ShinRa's army or not.

"Great! I've never been in the Slums before, so you could show me the place."

She let out the air she didn't notice she was holding and smiled. She knew most people in the upper level thought the inhabitants of the Slums were poor, violent people, people to look down. But not Zack. They had been talking just for less than an hour, but she knew he wasn't like that. Caring, forgetful Zack. Her soulmate.

"What if we meet in the Markets in Sector 5?"

"Do you know how to get there?"

"Don't worry. I can figure it out."

"Are you sure?"

"Leave it to me! Bring a flower so I'll know it's you!"

"All rightâ€¦ but, how can I know it's you?"

"My eyes. They are mako-infused." She heard someone shouting at the other end of the line. "Sorry, Aerith. I have to go. Tomorrow at 6 in the markets."

And before she could answer, the call had ended.

6:05. Aerith was standing up in the Markets below Sector 5. She had in hand a yellow flower she took from the church. There was no sign of Zack. Maybe he was on a mission. She had written the time of the date in her arm so he could not forget it. She just hoped he didn't. She looked around her, and then at the flower. She was the only person with one so she guessed Zack would recognize her immediately. All of a sudden she felt as if someone were pulling at her dress, with her heart beating faster at the thought of Zack being there, she turned. Instead, she found a little girl looking at her with awe.

"Are you the lady who gives flowers to people?" asked the girl innocently.

"Well, yes."

"Can I have one for my mommy, she's very ill," she pouted.

"Oh, wellâ€¦" What should she do? She needed that flower so that Zack could recognize her. But she just couldn't say no to that girl. Guess she had to find another way to recognize Zack.

"Of course she can give it to you," said a male voice behind her.

Aerith looked up to see the most handsome man she had ever seen. His hair was pure black that bring out his eyes. Blue with a trace of light green. He had been right when he told her she would recognize him by his eyes. Such beautiful eyes.

"Can I have it?," asked the girl again.

"Oh? Yes, yes, of course," answered Aerith as she handed her the

flower. "I hope your mom gets better soon."

"Thank you very much."

As the kid from the previous day, she ran away the moment she had the flower in her little hands, and soon she was gone. Aerith watched her until she disappeared from her sight, making sure she was safe. When she turned to look at Zack, he was grinning. His smile was so beautiful. Of course it was, that man was wholly beautiful. She had not been nervous when she left home, but now that he was in front of her, she didn't know what to do or what to say.

"So, where are we going?"

"There isn't many things to do over here."

"Mmm then, show me your favourite place."

Man. She was soooooooooo beautiful. His soulmate was trully an angel. Her brown hair was knot high in her head and then it fell in a long braid. Her eyes were the colour of a precious stone: a pair of emeralds. She was wearing a blue-ish white dress with some flowers. He smiled to himself. He had been right when he called her "flower girl". A flower angel. He followed her until they stopped in front of what looked like an abandoned church. Aerith turned to looked at him.

"Don't step on the flowers."

He looked at her. She was serious. She had a frown on her face that did not match her angelic features. It was not a request, but an order. He didn't know what she was talking about, but noticed that whatever it was, it was very important to her, so he agreed.

Seeing that he accepted her order, he followed her inside the church and that was when he saw what she was talking about. The flowers were gathered in the far end of the church just below a hole in the roof, where the light came from; so that the flowers could grow.

"You don't see a lot of flowers in Midgar"

"They only grow here. Although I planted some outside my house, too."

"And this is where you took that flower from?"

"Yes. I take some flowers when they are fully bloomed and give it to people in the Slums. I have always wanted to see a Midgar full of flowers." Zack looked at the flowers for a few seconds. "Zack?"

"Can I have some?"

"Yeah, of course." She bent to show him what flowers were fully bloomed and he learnt how to distinguish them.

"These are okay," he took one of the flowers they had picked and placed it on Aerith's hair. "I knew you were going to look even more beautiful with a flower on your hair. But I think pink would suit you better."

Aerith blushed because of the unexpected compliment, so she broke contact with Zack's eyes.

"Idiot", she said but she was actually laughing.

"Not the first time someone calls me that." He laughed too, her laughter highly contagious. All of a sudden, she shut up to look carefully at his eyes. "What's up?"

"Your eyesâ€¦"

"They're beautiful, aren't they", he leaned towards her, so their faces were just a few centimetres from each other. "Look closely. They are mako-injected."

"SOLDIER's eyesâ€¦" So she had been right in her guessing. However, she thought discovering he was in fact a SOLDIER would make her feel unsafe. But those eyes were so beautiful, and so kind.

In that moment, Zack's phone rang, breaking the eye contact between them in just a second. It was a text message from Kunsel. There had appeared some monsters in Sector 3.

>"I'm sorry, Aerith. I guess our date ends here."<p>

"Do you have to go?" There was a hint of sadness and disappointment in her voice. She really wanted to spend an evening with him.

"Yes, Kunselâ€¦ a mission in Sector 3. I'm really sorry."

"Don't worry. See youâ€¦ later."

"Count on it."

And thus, Zack left the church with Aerith's emerald eyes on his back. He was happy. He had met his soulmate who was a true angel, and they would meet soon. He knew it. They were soulmates after all.

End
file.